

Dear Mildred - There's no hurry about the stationary  
if we can't get it printed - we don't want it, it is a  
warm springy day everything nice except that Fred Thiercher  
died of acute appendicitis, wife of she was just about to be  
relieved from the hospital for a gall stone operation - it has  
been pretty hard (of course), haven't been over - I haven't been  
so good - I've been fighting phlegm that I'm taking to get that fluid  
out of my legs. & last night I had a wild night more - the Dr  
will be here again today - I am so weak in  
my legs, n'all you know - I just want to get well &  
strong again. Haven't cashed the 10 & want for a while  
don't worry - I'm so glad you got the chair & like it, &  
yes; yes; I understand about the trip to Doris, &  
all - but it may have to be a year from Doris -  
I just have nothing to go on, I guess Doris will be here  
from all I know - He can send him to a cabin if nothing  
else - I hate to have the extra money but don't know what  
we can do when they arrive I'll be there.

I think the best way to get that little table is to have a  
carpenter crate it & ship it out some time - It  
wouldn't be so much & maybe a little snort (on the side)  
would help - Mrs Bean is making  
potato soup - The moon don't set  
so good as to the smell - All I got a lovely flood

piece of bright red glass from the Thiercher  
funeral - smells like a funeral - Mrs. H. - I got  
her ship to a young fellow who works in the  
bank - Name Earl Mansel - He seems a very nice  
guy. Write soon - I'll be B.L.  
Love Carrie -